

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Brothers to go seeke else-where, but in your madnesse  
You bury brother-hood.

*Edw.* Alas poore Clarence, is it for a wife  
That thou art male-content,  
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.

*Cl.* Nay, you playde the broker so ill for your selfe,  
That ye shall giue me leaue to make my choise  
As I thinke good: and to that intent  
I shortly meane to leaue you.

*Edw.* Leaue me, or tarry, I am full resolu'd,  
Edward will not be ty'd to his brothers willes.

*Qu.* My Lords, do me but right,  
And you must confesse, before it pleasd his highnesse  
To aduance my state to Title of a Queene,  
That I was not ignoble from my birth.

*Edw.* Forbeare my Loue to fawne vpon their frownes,  
For thee they must obey, nay shall obey,  
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

*Mont.* My Lord, here is the Messenger return'd from France.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Ed.* Now sirra, what letters? Or what newes?

*Mes.* No Letters my Lord,  
And such Newes, as without your highnesse pardon,  
I dare not relate.

*Ed.* We pardon thee, and (as neere as thou canst) tell me,  
What saide Lewis to our Letters?

*Mes.* At my departure these were his very wordes.  
Go tell false Edward thy supposed King,  
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,  
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

*Ed.* Is Lewis so braue? Belike, he thinkes me *Henry*.  
But what sayde Lady *Bona* to these wrongs?

*Mes.* Tell him, quoth she, in hope heel proue a widdower  
Shortly, Ile weare a willow Garland for his sake.

*Ed.* She had the wrong,  
Indeed she could say little lesse. But what said *Henries* Queene,  
For

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

For as I heare, she was then in place?

*Mes.* Tell him quoth she, my mourning weeds be done,  
And I am ready to put armour on.

*Ed.* Then belike she meanes to play the Amazon.  
But what saide *Warwicke* to these iniuries?

*Mes.* He more incensed then the rest my Lord,  
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

*Ed.* Ha, durst the Traitor breath out such proud words?  
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.

But what is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?

*Mes.* I my good Lord, they are so linkt in friendship,  
That young Prince Edward marries *Warwicke*s daughter.

*Cl.* The elder, belike *Clarence* shall haue the yonger.  
All you that loue me and *Warwicke* follow me.

*Exit Clarence and Somerset.*

*Ed.* *Clarence* and *Somerset* fled to *Warwicke*,  
What say you brother *Richard*, will you stand to vs?

*Glo.* I my Lord, in despight of all that shall withstand you.  
For why hath Nature made me halt downe right,  
But that I should be valiant and stand to it:  
For if I would, I cannot runne away,

*Edw.* Penbrooke, go raise an army presently,  
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night  
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,  
Ile march to meete proud *Warwicke*, ere he land  
Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.  
But ere I go, *Montague* and *Hastings*,  
You aboue all the rest are neere allyed  
In blood to *Warwicke*: therefore tell me,  
If you fauour him more then me, or not.  
Speake truly, for I had rather haue you open enemies,  
Then hollow friends.

*Mont.* So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.

*Hast.* And *Hastings*, as he fauours Edwards cause,

*Edw.* It shall suffice, Come then let's march away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*